

SHORTWAVE RUINS

Warm drones layered on cold textures
filled with radio chatter, distorted
vocals that sound like a whipping wind,
signals drifting into a place of comfort.

A burned out car lies under my pillow
as I slowly turn the dial, searching
for volunteers to patrol these remains,
all the *ruined* cities of the world.

Potential anomalies on our maps
indicate a fictional, virtual landscape
where hoodoos cower in horror,
shuddering at what might have been.

I come from nowhere and only know
one language, had problems with speech
from the start. I have learnt to mistrust
what is said then abandoned around me

and to watch what I say when others
are about. Voicing oblivion is what
we must do, I need to tell you about
all the things I have not heard or seen.

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